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'SMUS COMIN' HONEY

AND

OTHER RHYMES

BY

CLARENCE ADAM WHITE

Crismus' Comin,' Honey and Other Rhymes

By

CLARENCE ADAM WHITE

Price 50 Cents

JOHN P. MORTON & COMPANY
Incorporated
PUBLISHERS
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

PS3545
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NOV 16 '22
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Crismus' Comin,' Honey

CRISMUS' comin,' honey,
slay bells gwine ring,
Sandy Claws is packin' up
de things he's gwine bring.
He's be'n gittin' redy,
workin' all de time,
Makin' things fo' chillen
at'l make dey eyeballs shine.
Jumpin' jacks an' waggins,
dolls an' arry planes,
Candy an' bernaners,
nuts an' ev'y thing.

WE'S gwine hav' a possum,
sweet taters on de side,
Mammy's gwine cook it,
wif its mouf op'n wide,
Cranberry souce an' dressin',
Lawd! an' punkin' pi'.
Sho' glad Crismus' comin'
onct mo' afo' I di'.
Piccaninny's wishin'
Sandy Claws will bring
Motah ca's an' rifles,
nives an' railroad trains.

LAWD! I'm glad I'm livin'
when Crismus' time am ni',
It's sho' fun gittin' redy
when sno' flakes 'gin to fly.
Piccaninny chattah,
ta'kin' lak wile geese,
Stockin's all a hangin'
on the mantel piece.
An' ev'y body's happy,
I jes' wanter sing,
Crismus' comin', honey,
heah dem slay bells ring?

Dat Hanted Hous' on Pounders Crick

DAT hanted hous' on Pounders Crick
jes' made my heaht stan' stil',
It kinder cotched me sudden
as ahi come down de hill.
Ahi heahs dem chains a draggin'
an' den ahi 'gin ter pant,
De doah it bust rite open,
an' out wa'ks Mistuh Hant.

IT made a bee line fo' me,
my hat riz on my haid,
Ahi 'gin to shake an' shiver,
my feet dey feel lak led.
Yo' think a hoss a runnah,
man! yo' nevah seed no speed,
Yo' orter seed dis niggah
lope out an' take de lead.

AHI made de road in nothin',
made a fox look lak a snail,
De sight ahi seed 'hind me, would
make a houn' dawg lev' de trail.
Dat hạnt sho' was a runnah,
he wus now fo' a fac.
He mite abeat me agoin', but
ahi lost him comin' back.

The Howlin' Houn' Dawg

WHEN de ole houn' dawg's a howlin',
Wid' his nose up in de aihr,
Bad luck sho' am a prowlin',
It's pretty clos' some whar'.
Then yo'd bettah snap yo' fingers
An' back yo'se'f crost de flo',
Clim' backwards out de winder,
An' don' go ni' de doah.

JES' as sho' as jedgement's comin',
An' while evah body slept,
Some niggah laid an onion
Rite on yo' front doah step.
An' sprinkled salt roun' it
An' on yo' cast a spell,
That's gwine bring yo' trouble,
Sho' they's watah in de well.

AN' they's jes' one way to bust it,
Yo' gotta keep the doah shet tight,
Clim' out de winder backward,
Sneak roun' without a light,
Coax de houn' off with a ham bone,
Tease him til' yo' make him growl,
Dat's de way to bust de hoo doo
When de houn' dawg 'gins to howl.

Dat Wattah Mellon Vine

WHEN de moon am kinder hidin'
an' slips behin' a cloud,
An' de whip-o-will's a callin',
jes' a singin' hisse'f proud,
When things is gittin' quiet like,
man! it's jes' my time
To crawl 'long de fence row
to dat wattah mellon vine.

DAT ole famah be'n arearin' an'
acussin' fit to bust,
De nex' one dat he ketches
he's gwine bite de dust,
Gwine fill'em full of buck-shot,
de fust one dat he catch
A carrin' off de profit,
fum his wattah mellon patch.

BUT man! ahi knows my bisnes',
de best time to commence,
Is when he ain't a lookin',
ahi 'gin to clim' de fence.
Ahi sneak a jusy mellon, an'
den ahi take my time
When de moon am kinder hidin'
roun' de wattah mellon vine.

Dat Ferginia Lullaby

THEY'S a drowsy piccaninny
that's a carrin' on a heap,
Jes' a fussin' an' a fumin'
'cause he's gotta go to sleep.
Tain't long befo' he's noddin'
an' he shets his lil' eye
When his Mammy 'gins a hummin'
dat Ferginia Lullaby.

HE sho' wus frettin' awful,
when she took him in her lap,
But when she sta'ted hummin',
yo' cou'd see his eyelids drap,
'cause dey ain't no sweeter music
no place 'neath de ski
Dan to heah yo' Mammy hummin'
dat Ferginia Lullaby.

AN' when de chillens sleepy,
an' it's time to go to bed
An' they's crost an' cranky wid it
an' thei' eyes jes' feel lak lead
An' yo' Mammy 'gins to hum it
they ain't no use to try
To stay awake an' lis'n,
to dat Ferginia Lullaby.

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